

The Jesuits Exaltation,

173

Or, A Preparation for a turn at Tyburn.

Tune is, Hey Boys up go we, Or, Russels Farewel.

(1)

I Walking near a Prison Wall,
where Jesuits did lye,
I heard them to St. Bridget call,
to help their Misery;
Saying, with speed now intercede,
poor Jesuits to free,
Or **Dolbourn-hill** with Crowds they'll fill,
while hey Boys up go we.

(2)

Ah! what's become of all our Creeds,
and Mass the Antick Song?
Our sweet Religious strings of Beeds
are turn'd to Fetters strong;
And Father **Peters** he is fled,
a woful sight to see;
When some are shorter by the head,
then hey boys up go we.

(3)

Some they are fled to **Rome** we find,
while here we fret and loam,
As being left in Tears behind,
to end the Dance at home:
To **Tyburn** we must take our way,
to view that Crabbed Tree,
And when we have no more to say,
then hey boys up go we.

(4)

The very Lads of **London Town**,
they did a Racket make,
And pull'd our Idol Pictures down,
then burn'd 'um at the Stake,
Where **Mary** did her Hereticks,
in **Smith-field-Rounds** we see;
Faith we did not like their Tricks,
then hey boys up go we.

(5)

What Sumptuous Chappels did we build,
adorn'd with Curious Paint,
And was with Nuns and Fryers fill'd,
a Praying to each Saint:
But this at last is come to nought,
we're ty'd from Liberty,
Till we may be to Justice brought,
then hey boys up go we.

(6)

Tho' Hereticks they have deviz'd
to bring us to our Doom,
Yet we shall all be Cannoniz'd
among the Saints of **Rome**,
Which does much Joy and Comfort bring,
that glorious sight to see,
And when we have the **Hempen string**,
then hey boys up go we.

(7)

Our Masses they are out of date,
some says we were too bold;
We did run on at such a rate,
which was too hot to hold;
And therefore we are overthrown,
as all may plainly see,
Now when the Gallows claims its own,
then hey boys up go we.

(8)

To **New-gate** Goal we did repair,
rude **Ruffins** to Convert,
And shewing of our Christian care,
went with the **Tyburn Cart**;
But little thought to see this day,
a woful Destiny,
For we must pass the self same way,
then hey boys up go we.

(9)

Now dearest Friends of Holy Church,
we re'er shall see you more;
Why did you leave us in the lurch,
to pay the good old score?
Our Bodies must become a Pledge,
for former Villany,
And when we do ride in the Sledge,
then hey boys up go we.

(10)

To sweet St. **Francis** let us Pray,
to bring us straight to Glory,
And that we may not lye one day
nor night in Purgatory;
Though we with Grief our hands may ring,
under the Treble Tree,
To Heaven we shall in a string,
then hey Boys up go we.

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